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Noel Joseph is possibly one of the funniest writers of our time, and many of you will have enjoyed such masterpieces as *Sex and the Shingles Girls* and *Dead Boring* in previous issues. This month he offers us *Nude Hang-Gliding* and is, we understand, plotting a piece for the future on the very latest perversion – snorting midgets.

On the straight side of sex, our article entitled *Do the Clothes Make the Man?* would make a garden gnome horny and is well worth checking out, if only to discover your own preferences.

Judging by the response to our Look-Alike Contest, most of you seem to get an added thrill from seeing a facsimile of your favourite Superstar on our pages. This month's likeness of the delicious Natalie will not disappoint you! *Roger Cook* ♣

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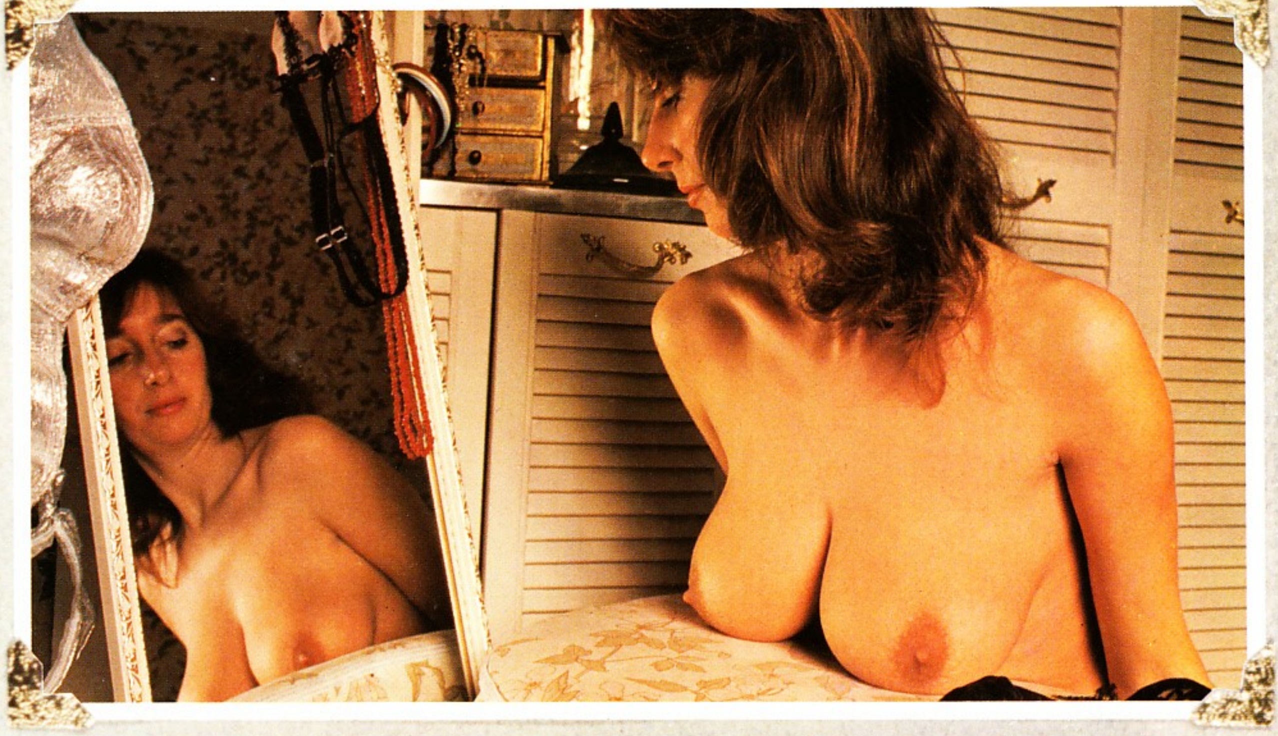
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD

Christina Watt

Christina has a trim body by Contender standards, but her truly monumental 48″ breasts amply qualify her for our Contest. For interested parties, she claims to have the world's largest collection of brassieres . . . 82 pairs!



Stevie

Photos by Tiny Montgomery

Bobbie

Photos by Stephan Jourdan

If you would like to buy the £4,000 rotating blue suede bed with inbuilt alarm/radio/cassette/coffee-maker and inclusive wardrobe complex featured in these pictures, please ring 0202-745372 and start haggling. The lady, unfortunately, is not a fitment.

THE SPECTATOR

By Gerald Benson

The word 'hustle' means different things to different people. For disco-freaks, it's the *crême-de-la-crême* of dance steps. For football players, it's the extra *oomph* that wins games; what managers scream about in changing rooms at half-time.

But for me, and thousands like me, hustle is what you do to survive. It's sex for pay, selling your cock for cash and not looking back once you've got it.

In my three years on the scene, I fucked, sucked and fondled enough bodies to fill five Roman baths. My memory of those times is a *mélange* of erotic images: cunts, cocks, tits and arseholes of every description, in every possible combination.

To make it as a hustler, you've got to be flexible. There is nothing some women won't do for satisfaction, especially rich bitches with hot pussies and sugar daddies too old to cool them down. What goes on in those Park Lane love-nests is more than most people would believe. You can take it from me!

I started working these upper echelons after a month or two on the street. A friend of mine mentioned a deal with the wife of a property tycoon, and said he'd need a partner for the job. Business is business, but this was the single most stunning woman I'd ever seen. Fucking her was like supping on caviar after living off tinned salmon. A taste that could easily get out of hand.

Jacqueline – we'll call her that, since her husband has enough influence to turn my balls to dog food – was a striking, fair-haired woman, a sleek beauty with the high cheekbones and wide, perfect mouth of a model. Her appearance at *Annabel's* would have the hoi-polloi mumbling, craning their necks and wondering which magazine, movie or society page she'd just stepped out of. Yes, she really was that beautiful.

When my friend Rick first mentioned Jacqueline, he said she had some strange tastes. He was a hustler himself, so I took him at his word. "She stinks of money," he told me. "The 60-year-old bastard who keeps her sees that she lacks for nothing. The only thing he can't give her is a good chunk of cock in her pussy." Which is where we came in.

Most 'appointments' are arranged by

Photographs by Dandelion

Lamp: Courtesy of Euro Gift Centre SE17. Shoes by Terry De Havilland

phone, set up a day or two in advance and carried out wherever it's discreet for the client. This might be an hotel, or it might be the flat of a sympathetic friend. But with Jackie, the place was no problem. We used her own exclusive and unbelievably luxurious penthouse.

That both Rick and I should be going to see this woman did not phase me. Lots of clients take two men to get where they want to go. What was strange, I soon discovered, was that her husband didn't mind our company. He even took our coats at the door.

I still remember the shock. No sooner did we ring the bell at 44D, than this dapper little millionaire opens up and ushers us inside. He was completely bald, his features sharp and flinty as I remembered from the newspapers. He seemed to size us both up with those steely eyes, then showed us to milady's boudoir.

Jacqueline was waiting.

Stretched out on a bed of black and white satin, the naked young wife did not bother to remove her fingers from her cleft when we entered. One long leg was slightly raised, the other dangled shamelessly to the carpet. Her cold, onyx eyes met ours. She stared with a kind of arrogance. It was as if her pussy, glistening wet and parted in its nest of curls, was there for us to worship. And she was absolutely certain of our devotion.

"Hello, Aphrodite," Rick said, the first words anyone had yet spoken.

Jacqueline acknowledged the greeting by tossing her long hair from her shoulders, then pursing her lips like a child pretending to be mad. Her full breasts rose slightly. Her fingers stirred languidly in her cunt, circling its tawny-wet rim with a faint squishing noise that set my cock on the rise.

Rick began taking off his clothes, and I decided to trust his judgment. I know most women – like most men – act differently when they know they're paying for sex. It's their chance to be dominant, or lofty, after a lifetime of submission. But I was not familiar with the ways of exceptionally wealthy females – not then, anyway.

When we were both as naked as the queen before us, she beckoned with one moist finger for us to step forward. The thick pile carpet made movement a luxury. The splendour of the chamber, the scarlet walls, gold-leaf chandelier and trimmings, infused the performance with a subtle elegance.

Jacqueline lay back on her pillow, letting her gaze drift to the ceiling. In her passive state, her lustrous blonde hair spilled over her shoulders and hid her tawny nipples.

Rick bent down and took one of the brown buds between his teeth. Her creamy skin seemed to flush at the assault. I watched her close her eyes, as a faint, dreamy smile formed on her lips. While my partner continued sucking, I knelt down at the end of the bed and pressed my face to her moistened labia. She spread her legs farther apart. I could see the muscles ripple beneath the taut skin, an involuntary spasm.

When we were both naked, she beckoned for us to step forward . . .

Starting slowly at first, I slipped my tongue across the fleshy outer rim of her lips. The entrance to her hole was slippery, oozing juices from the rank, gaping groove below. Jacqueline placed her fingers at the edge of her pussy, opening the crack to take more of my tongue inside her.

The sweet-rank scent of sex filled my nostrils. For a few seconds I was lost, giving myself to the sensation of her slick gash against my mouth. Then her pussy seemed to open its petals. She began wriggling on the satin. The wet rush of her pumping cunt drew me in, soaking my lips and chin. The sensation was out of this world.

The sound of Rick's nibbling on her tits blended with my own lapping as I plunged farther, breathing in the steamy waft of raw womanhood. Her damp hairs tickled. I reached behind her, grasping the creamy spheres of her arse, and pulled the whole sopping bush towards me. Her cunt tasted sticky, slightly perfumed and pungent. As I tongued her I slid one stray finger behind her, toying with the puckered rim while she wriggled against me.

By now I was mashing her hole, battering the sharp bulb of her clit like a swollen nipple at the crest of her cunt-lips. She shoved her gaping wet slit against me and shimmied in a quiet frenzy. The thrill of breaking the control of this bitch had me ready to stand up and slam her. I was about to rise, when the strangest sound I'd ever heard suddenly filled the room.

"Now I'm going to *screw* you, slut! Now I'm going to ram my fucking cock-meat in your swimming pussy until you scream with ecstasy!"

It was Jacqueline's husband, the little old man, shouting horny messages at the three of us. He wore the same stern expression as when we'd met him at the door. But now his pallid visage had coloured. He squirmed with excitement, watching from his perch on a stuffed chair in the corner.

With the first onslaught of hubby's obscenities, Rick had sidled up to his wife's face, straddling her shoulders and pointing his hard-on straight at her. His thick cock-head grazed her lips. When she didn't open up to eat him, he began rubbing the stiff length of his prick over her gorgeous features.

"Suck my cock," the old man shouted, wringing his bony hands together in front of him, "suck my cock while I ram into your pussy and tear you apart. I'm going to jam your juicy snatch! Spread your thighs and take my juicy meat in your fuck-hole!"

Had he been sitting there all along? The thought was a weird one, and maybe that's what Rick had meant when he said this lady had strange tastes. But who was putting on the show for whom? Before I could suss it all out, Rick had turned and given me the nod. It was time to bang this high-society slut, and none too soon for the eight inches aching between my legs. I don't think I could have held out much longer!

On cue we both rolled her over, and Rick crammed his own bulging piece in

continued on page 54

THE SPECTATOR

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her mouth while I slid in from the back door. For one wild second I thought about her arsehole, tempted by the tan pucker winking in front of me like a kiss. A few sparse hairs fringed its cavity, moistened by the flow of cunt-juice from her sex.

But the one-man cheering section made the decision for me. "Tell me what it feels like in your *snatch*!" he cackled, his voice hoarse with the strain. I pulled back, ready to slide my aching prick up her pussy, hoping her old man was up to the struggle. His face was turning an unhealthy shade of puce.

"Do you want to be fucked now, tart? Do you want my big hard cock stuffed right up between those gorgeous legs, you cheap little whore?"

Jackie groaned. With Rick's huge rod in her mouth there was little more she could do. She slurped over his reddened engine, licking the crown and taking its bulk down the back of her sweet, shapely throat. Rick's eyes were closed, and I could tell he dug her style. Her head bobbed frantically up and down. I watched entranced, fascinated by the spectacle of this perfect female reduced to a sucking, slurping creature of lust.

She slipped off for a second to glide her tongue under his balls and I could see Rick's massive organ glistening with saliva. At that moment, she turned around and looked at me for the first time. Her classic features were damp with sweat. Her eyes glazed over with desire, her breasts rose and fell spasmodically and she parted her lips in a silent plea.

"Now," she whispered, lifting her cream-soaked snatch a little higher. Sweat pasted her hair across her forehead. Her lips glistened with a wanton sheen.

The whole scene was as perfect as a dream. That second, I knew fucking this woman would be like a taste of something forbidden. I forgot the money, forgot the rat-race and indignity of the hustler's life, and made love to the goddess before me like a man possessed by the spirit of Eros.

Her cunt closed around my sex-soaked organ, a satin clamp, working around its thick shaft as I slowly plunged in to the hilt. Through half-closed eyes, I saw Rick biting his lips, ready for his own sperm to come bursting through our lover's lips.

The thrill was too much. I slammed my thick staff into her pussy, inch after throbbing inch, until Jackie writhed and whimpered as if speared. At one end her skull bobbed and worried over my partner's prick, at the other her sopping love-lips swallowed my own engine whole.

Her juice coated my organ, creaming hot droplets down along its root. With each thrust my balls slapped obscenely against her arse. I dug my fingers into the satin-smooth flesh of her cheeks, fucking the animal inside her into life, watching her mounting lust possess her.

"Now," she cried again, her voice muffled against the stiff bulk of manhood in her mouth. "Now, now, *now, now, now*!" Her voice rose to a scream.

Jackie shimmied her ass like a stage-show whore, wriggling for every inch...

I heard myself grunting. My cock ripped through her soaking labia, stuffing her, plumbing the raw, wet depths of her cunt. Each brutal plunge swelled my organ. My hard-on felt hot, heavy and massive as it disappeared in her blonde nest and resurfaced to stuff the purplish-wet mouth of her pussy. I knew I couldn't hold out for much longer.

As Rick buckled to spurt his load down the beauty's throat, I drilled her powerfully from behind. Her body was a piston, pumping back on my stone-hard manhood, then sliding up and sucking the beefstick jamming her throat. For one brief infinity we rocked together, in perfect tandem, my prick gorging deeper in her velvet pocket.

Jackie shimmied her ass like a stage-show whore, wriggling for every inch I could give her. Her pumping became more intense. She slammed back at my cock, hungry for the feel of its broad bulk inside her. Spasms of raw pleasure gripped her pussy. Juice gushed from her slit, drowning my come-swollen cock in new waves of cunt-sauce.

"I'm going to come," screamed our audience from the corner, just as the three of us reached our own dazed peak. "Get ready, bitch! I'm going to grind inside you till you flood at both ends with fuck-sauce . . ."

No sooner had her husband spoken than we exploded. Rick moaned as he came, and the beauty gulped desperately to catch his hot splash on her lips. The impact sent her reeling backwards, where my mad spurts pushed her the other way. In between, the lady Jacqueline writhed helplessly, hopelessly caught in the throes of her own ecstatic agony.

I collapsed across the sleek back of the woman before me, letting my prick stay lodged in her pussy. For a few seconds no-one moved. Then, I heard the sound of kissing, and looked up to see Jacqueline and her husband locked in an embrace.

Rick signalled me to get up. I pulled out as gently as I could, caught my bearings, and walked to where he stood by the now-empty chair.

"This is where we split," he whispered, avoiding my incredulous gaze. By now the pair behind us were hugging, loving it up like a couple reunited after some strange catastrophe.

The cash was stacked in two neat piles by our clothes: £250 for each of us, as agreed. When we'd dressed, I told Rick I thought Jacqueline was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. But I wondered about her husband.

We got to the hall. The bedroom door was firmly closed behind us. Still puzzled, I turned to Rick and asked him what he made of the whole deal.

"Well, guess who's paying?" he said, as we filed out. His expression was blank.

"Don't tell me – "

The door to 44D closed behind us, and we left the lovers alone.

"Strange way to make a living," I said, but it was already time to start thinking about the next hustle. ♣

Vivienne

Photos by Fanny

Here she is, my friends, that luscious lady from our previous issues of Club International, *none other than Vivienne. We tried our best to get those fantastic tits, that well-rounded bum, and those lovely thighs out of our minds, but we couldn't. Twice was not enough for her, or us, and we hope you agree. So, here she is to excite you and get your imaginations, if nothing else, on the move again!*

PUNK ROCK

In tribute to Dee Generate, Rat Scabies, Johnnie Rotten and the underwhelming Abortionists, *Club International* takes a never-to-be-forgotten look at PUNK ROCK fashions, a new wave phenomenon all set to conquer the world and likely to be triggered off by the Sex Pistols. Ollie, the self-appointed spokesman for Punksters everywhere and proprietor of the notorious Scabs shop in Kings Road, Chelsea, claims that the music is best described as Dole Rock: the wailings, in fact, of a street generation whose blank anarchistic attitudes stem from the high-rise society which has spawned them into an existence of total tedium. Who gives a shit?

Photographs by Dandelion. Neon graphics by David Scutt.

Clothes from SCABS,
Beaufort Market,
Kings Rd., Chelsea, S.W.3.

Gunslit shades from
BOY, 153 Kings Rd.,
S.W.3.

Red skirt from
BITCH at Beaufort Market.

Red trousers from HERMAPHRODITE, Beaufort Market.

Wristband and dog collars by SMUTZ, at Beaufort Market.

Pink leggings from BITCH.

Green plastic overalls from BOY, 153 Kings Rd., S.W.3.

Everything else by SCABS.

Look-a-Like

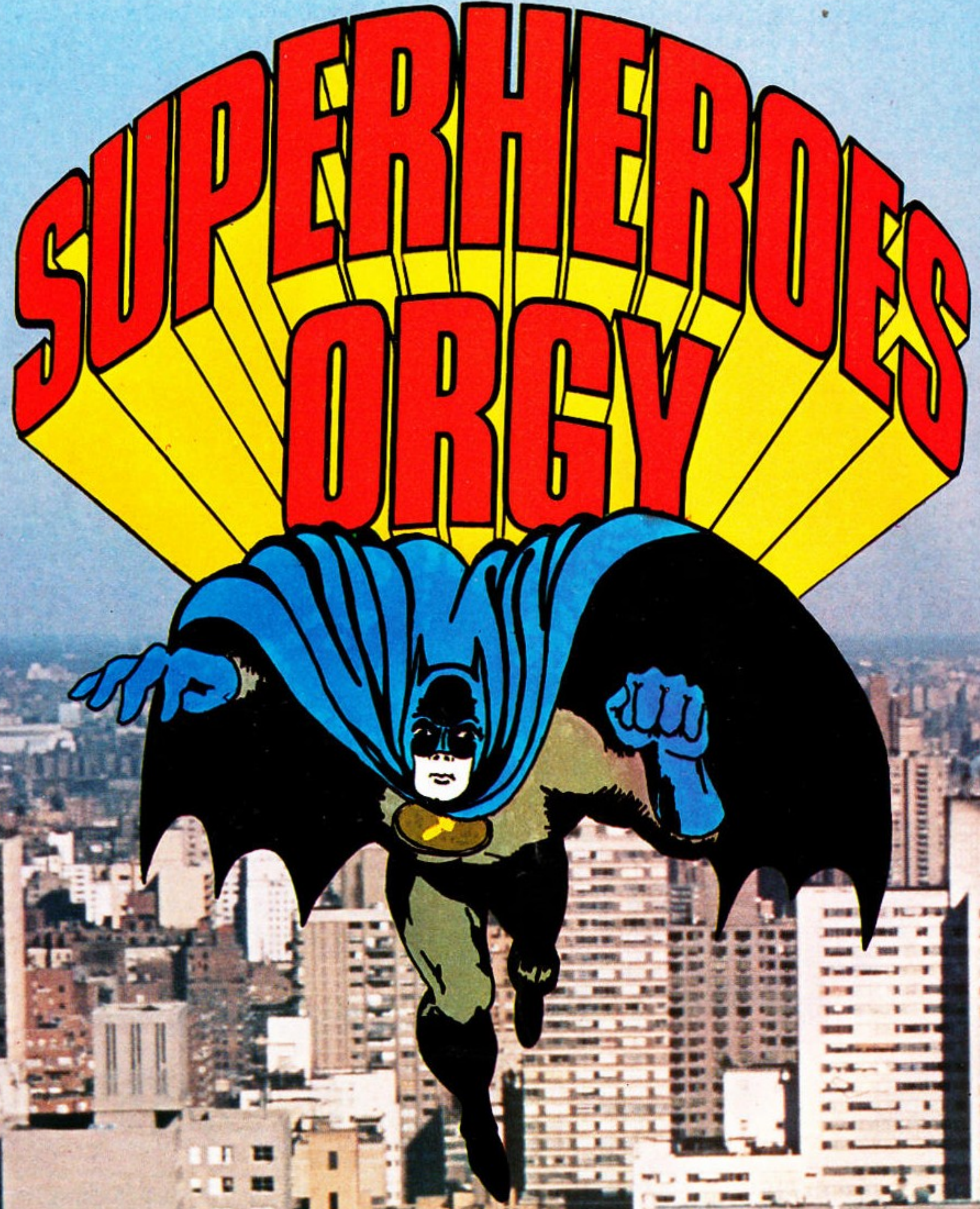
Natalie, we Wood if we could . . . so we did . . . and to prove it here's Look-Alike Portfolio Number Two, now establishing itself as a regular feature in *Club International*. Well played, Janie Maddox of Birmingham!

Photos by Stephan Jourdan

Look-a-Like

Look-a-Like

SUPERHEROES ORGY

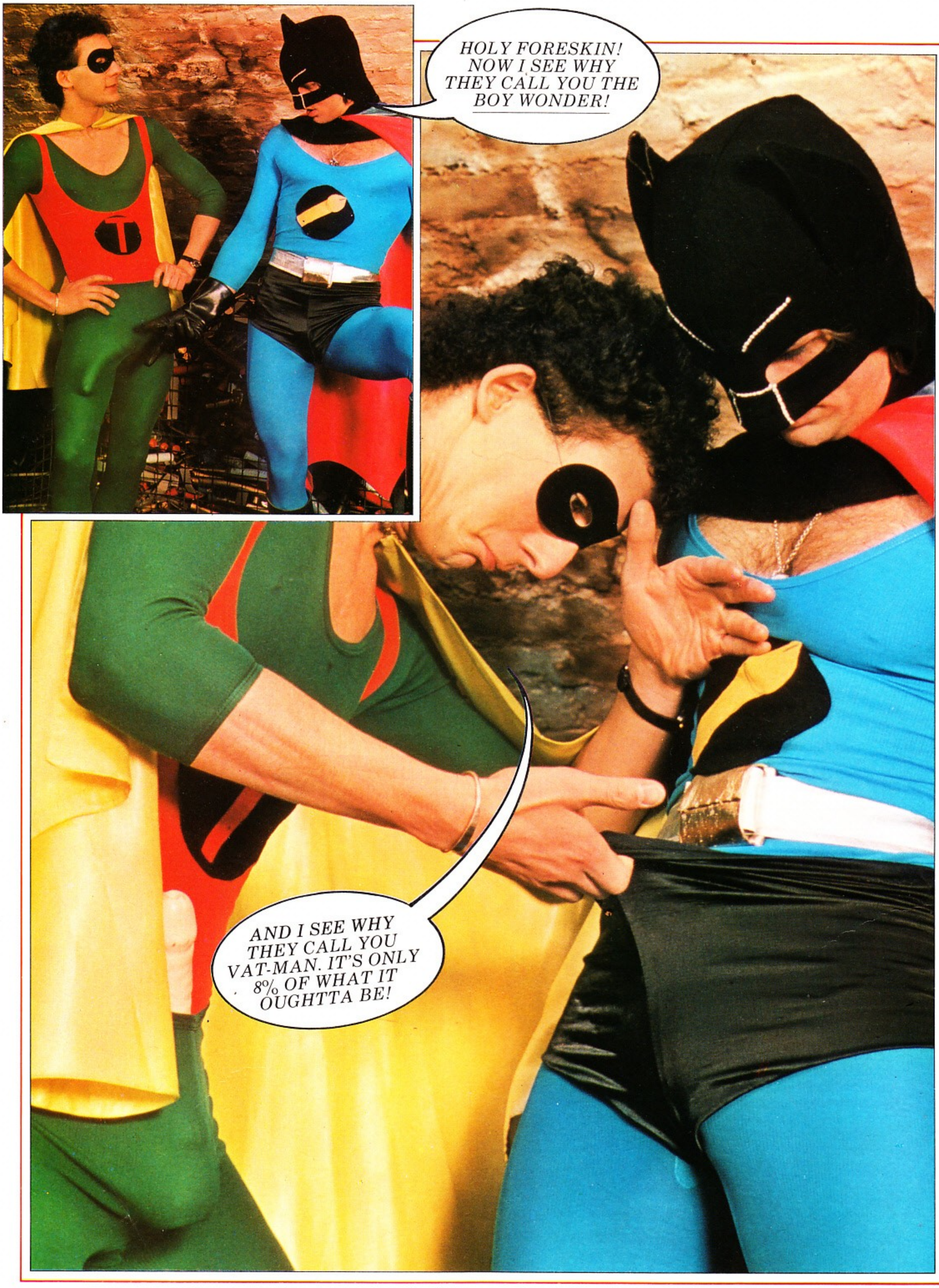


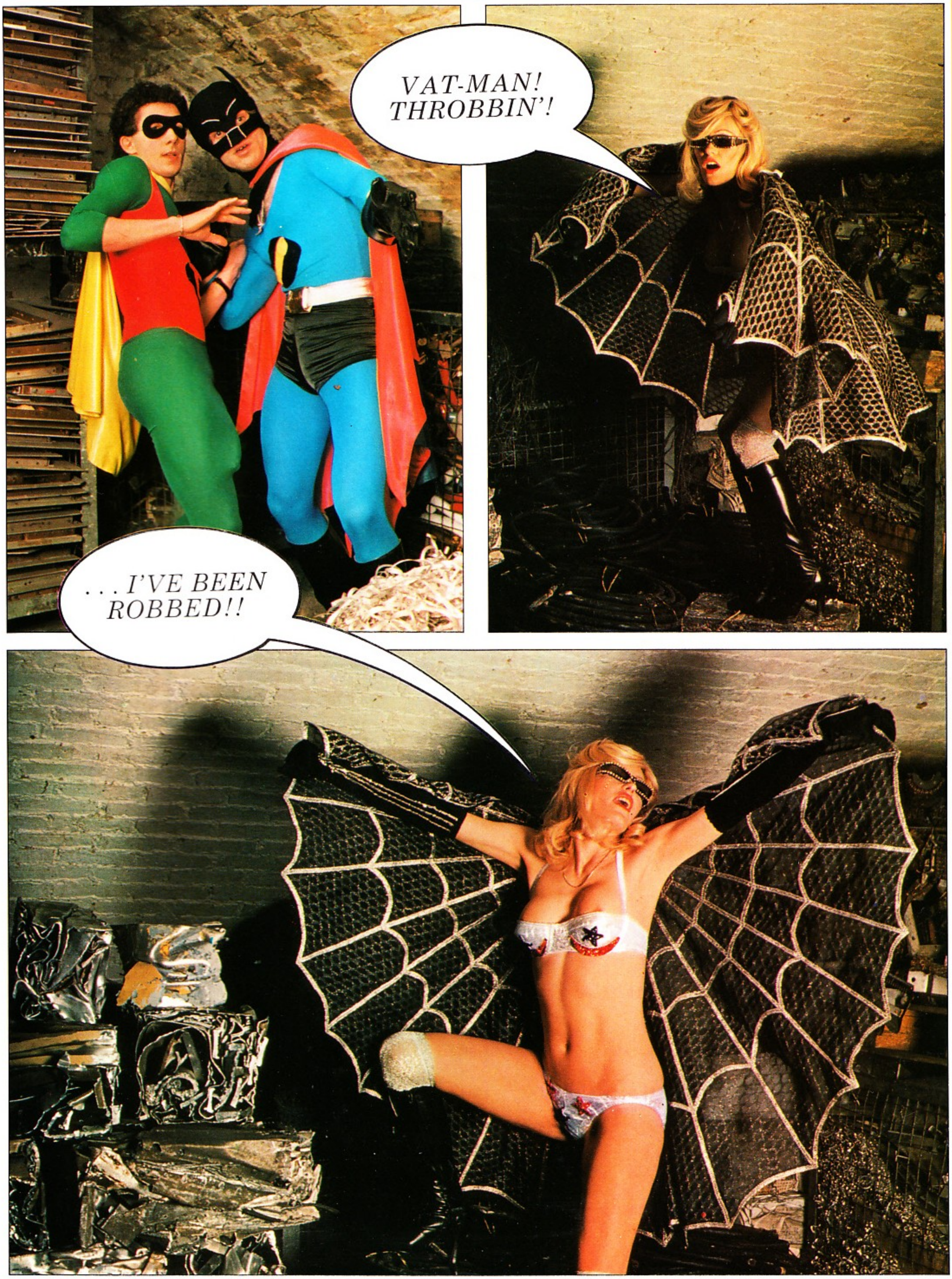
Slower than a dead mullet . . . More powerful than Big Jock Erection Cream . . .

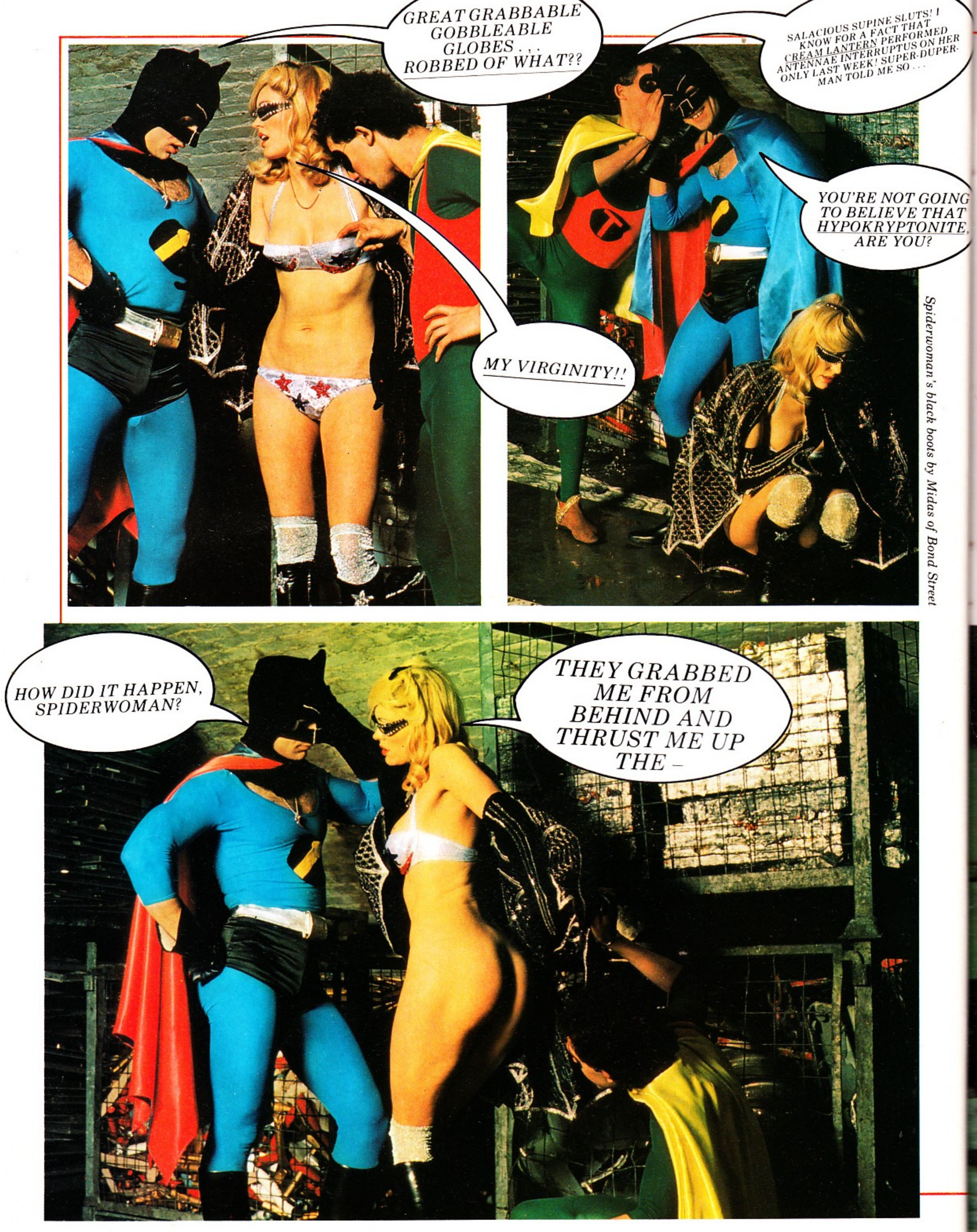
Even more boring than *Mayfair* . . . Higher than a Heavyweight Contender's knickers . . .

Look! . . . Up in the sky! . . . Is it a turd? . . . Is it a plane? . . . No! . . . It's VAT-MAN!!!

Photographs by The Assistant Commissioner


HOLY FORESKIN! NOW I SEE WHY THEY CALL YOU THE BOY WONDER!
AND I SEE WHY THEY CALL YOU VAT-MAN. IT'S ONLY 8% OF WHAT IT OUGHTTA BE!


VAT-MAN! THROBBIN'!
. . . I'VE BEEN ROBBED!!


GREAT GRABBABLE GOBBLEABLE GLOBES . . . ROBBED OF WHAT??
MY VIRGINITY!!
SALACIOUS SUPINE SLUTS! I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT CREAM LANTERN PERFORMED ANTENNAE INTERRUPTUS ON HER ONLY LAST WEEK! SUPER-DUPER-MAN TOLD ME SO . . .
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THAT HYPOKRYPTONITE, ARE YOU?
HOW DID IT HAPPEN, SPIDERWOMAN?
THEY GRABBED ME FROM BEHIND AND THRUST ME UP THE –

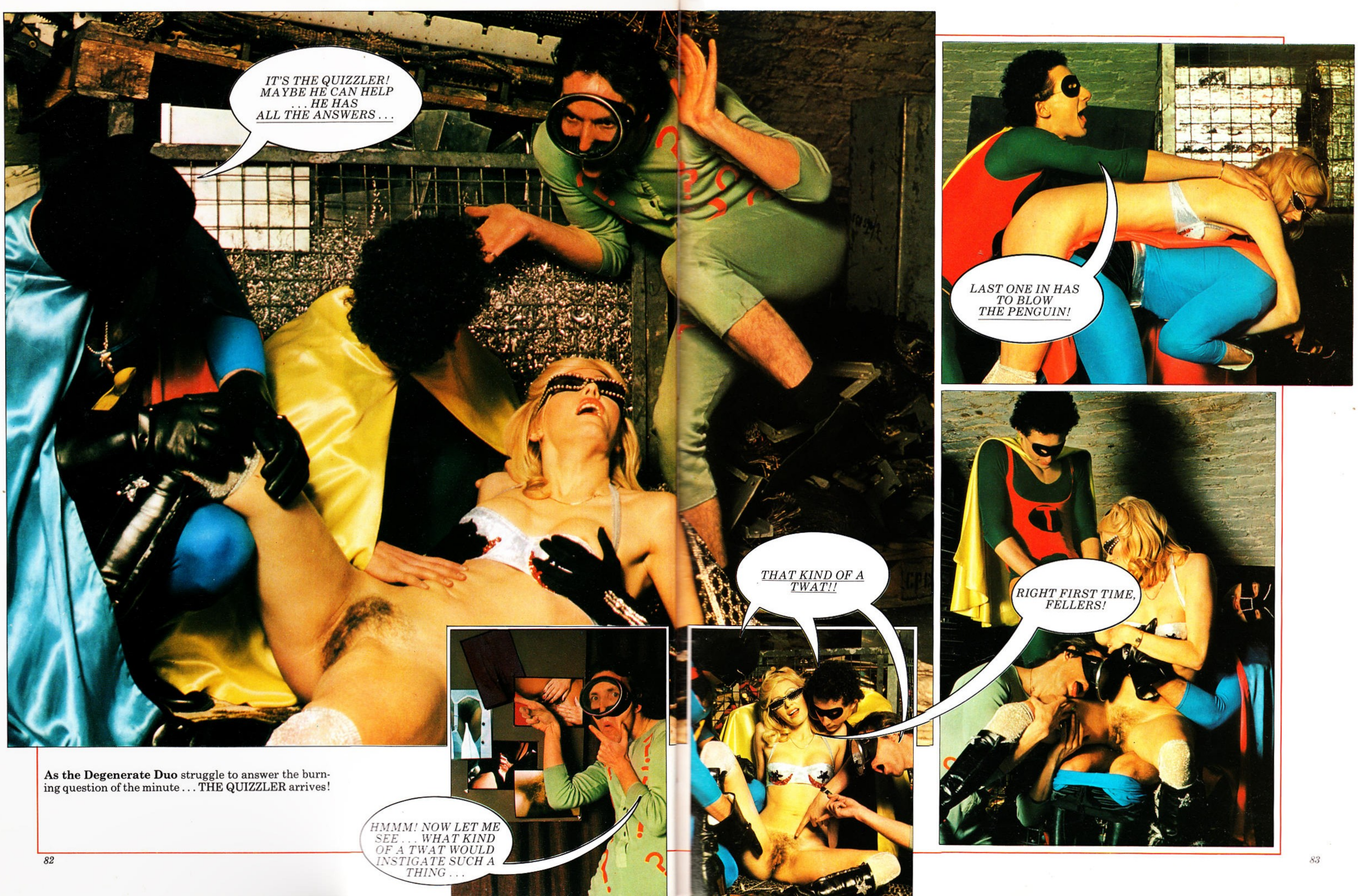
Spiderwoman's black boots by Midas of Bond Street

YOU MEAN . . . LIKE THIS!
NO! . . . JUST A LITTLE TO THE LEFT . . . THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! YES! YES! IT WAS JUST LIKE THIS!

SUPERHEROES ORGY

Holy Tsk Tsks! Morality, where are you? Surely it is unlike our clean-cut twosome to use a *back entrance* to gain access?

NOW THINK, BOY WONDER . . . WHAT KIND OF A TWAT WOULD INSTIGATE A CRIME LIKE THAT?!



As the Degenerate Duo struggle to answer the burning question of the minute . . . THE QUIZZLER arrives!

IT'S THE QUIZZLER! MAYBE HE CAN HELP . . . HE HAS ALL THE ANSWERS . . .
HMMM! NOW LET ME SEE . . . WHAT KIND OF A TWAT WOULD INSTIGATE SUCH A THING . . .
THAT KIND OF A TWAT!!
LAST ONE IN HAS TO BLOW THE PENGUIN!
RIGHT FIRST TIME, FELLERS!

Nadine

Photos by Fanny